to get THE BEST, Hood's Sarsaparilla weak and nervous I was hardly shie has proven its unequaled merit by its to be up. I had severe pains in my thousands of remarkable cures, and the side, and headache. I would often fact that it has a larger sale than any have to stop when going up-stairs on other sarsaparilla or blood purifier account of palpitation of the heart. I shows the great confidence the people | had no appetite and a distressed feeling have in it. In fact it is THE Spring in my stomach. I resolved to try Hood's Medicine. It cures all blood diseases, Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles and builds up the nerves and gives such have not had a spell of sick headache strength to the whole system that, as for four months, feel well, work all day one lady puts it, "It seemed to make and eat heartily. My friends remark

how well I am looking. I think all If you decide to take Hood's Sarsapa- nervous, run down people ought to rilla for your Spring Medicine do not take it, especially nursing mothers."

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

CURIOUS NOTES.

In parts of Ireland there is a superstition to the effect that a belt made of

LAKE MAGGIORE, Switzerland, has waters of three different colors. On south, deep blue. THE great Lick telescope reveals 100,-

large as our own. THE deepest gold mine in the world

is at Eureka, Cal.; depth, 2,200 feet; deepest silver mine at Carson City, Nev., depth. 3,300 feet.

BARTHOLDI says that the gigantic statue which he presented to the United States is the likeness of his mother, "rejuvenated and modified."

According to the late Dr. Browngentle pressure of the ears will control a severe fit of coughing.

Time highest velocity attained by a projectile fired from a modern rapidfire gun is 2,887 feet per second, or something like 1,903 miles an hour.

Accounting to one of the textile trade of the United States in their clothes."

THE longest wire cable ever made was that put in use by the St. Louis Cable Railroad company in April, 1885. Length, 34,500 feet; weight, 89,510



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance,

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manfactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF BOLLARS

8ft. for \$15



THE MUDERN WUMAN.

Too MUCH use of the opera glass is one reason so many city women of women's hair will protect the wearer fashion have bad eyes and must deform themselves with eyeglasses-so says an

MRS. GEORGE W. CARLE, the wife of the east, brick-red; north, pure green; the novelist, is one of the most beautiful women seen in literary circles. She has forget-me-not blue eyes, an 000,000 stars, and the astronomers de- oval face, perfectly regular features clare that each is probably a sun as and a complexion like a white rose leaf -all this though her hair is white and her oldest daughter just married.

"THE greatest boon fashion has given us this great while," said a woman who loves style and hates dirt, and has, consequently, been torn with conflicting emotions over since long skirts came back on us, "is wire in dress skirts. When the bottom of a skirt is wired it makes it possible to hold it up so that it will not drag in one place Sequard, the "elixir of life" man, a while you are showing your garters in another."

Dn. John Wood, archaeologist and student of art, says the modern woman's figure differs decidedly from the typical woman of Greek art and not altogether for the worse. She, the modern Caucasian woman, has more taperjournals it takes 7,000,000 miles of ing limbs, that is, smaller wrists and thread every year to "keep the people ankles, and, strange to say, a deeper, finer chest. In carriage, too, the modern ideal is for a more erect position and a flatter back.

> AS THE WORLD GOES ROUND. MOTTLED bricks are coming into use

for building purposes. They give a house the appearance of castile soap. AMSTERDAM will have next year an international exhibition of hotel arrangements and accommodations for

travelers.

PHILADELPHIA's council recently passed a boulevard ordinance which will cost the city \$15,000,000 for improving and extending the boulevards of

THE preliminary plans for the great southern exposition to be held in Baltimore in 1897, contemplate fifteen buildings to cost about \$1,000,000. A total expenditure of \$5,000,000 aside from pri-

vate investment is promised. A KNIFE is being brought out in England which has a nickel-plated handle On this handle is stamped in remarkably plain letters the rates for letter and parcel postage, book and foreign postage, money orders, with also the rates for telegrams.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN is making arrangements for an exhibition of Christian art in London this season.

LARGILLIERE'S portrait of the Old Pretender and his sister, once owned by Horace Walpole, has been bequenthed by the late earl of Orford to the National Portrait gallery.

A SHEET of pen drawings by Michael Angelo was discovered recently in a London auction room. The subjects were sketches for holy families and allegorical groups. The prize brought \$1.900 at auction.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh peing a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting naturein doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. Chinner & Co, Tolede, O.
29 Sold by Drugsists, 75.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"Bull Doolan's band has been captured in Oklahoma," remarked the newspaper reader, "You don't say so," replied the man who pretends to keep posted, but doesn't. "What was Bill's band doing? Playing "Sweet Marie!" — Washington

King Lear, Driven Forth Into the cold and rain, had no Hostetter's Stemach Bitters to counteract their effect. But the modern traveler in inclement weather can baffle its hurtful influence with this gonial protector. Chills and fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, colds are forestalled by this warming medicinal stimulant and safeguard. Take a wineglassful immediate ly before and after exposure. Use it, too, for dyspepsia, billousness and constipation.

Distinction. - Affable Citizen-"I guess you never saw the weather any colder than it has been this winter." Oldest Inhabitant "No; but I've felt it colder."- Detroit Free

When You Want a Thresher, Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stocker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, ad-dress the J. I. Case T. M. Co., Rucine, Wis. They have the largest. Threshing Machine plantin the world, and their implements may be relied upon as the best. Business estab-lished 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes folks laugh in their sleeves." "Well, my son, what makes them!" "Cause that's where their funny bone is."

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medi-cine.—Mrs. W. Pickhar, Van Sicien and Biake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94. "Ans they lovers still?" "Well, he's still, but she isn't. You see, they are married now."—Detroit Free Press. THE MINOR POET.

I'd rather be a simple bard and sing a homely The annals of plans common folk, their hum-

drum right and wrong.
Than stand upon Parnaesus with a scroll of flame unfuried
And invest my tongue with eloquence to thrill

I'd sing of stordy farmer lads about their daily

The brightly gleaming plowshare as it turns the meliow soil.

The wealth of golden barvests that in barns and stacks is stored, the fruitage of the orchard, brown Octo-ber's presious heard.

I'd sing the fall of twilight as the sun sinks in the west, The hour when tired methers lull their sleepy

babes to rest;
The bliss of fond young lovers under evening skies in June And the sweet and foolish nothings said beneath

The joys of careless childhood and the pains and griefs of age.

The histories and mysteries that fill life's

storied page.
The days all glad with sunshine and the hours of doubt and gloom
Through which we all must journey from the eradie to the tomb

Let others sing of chivalry and deeds of days Of battles grand by sea and land, of knights and warriors bold;

The lowly rhymes of present times are dearer simpler melody.
—Myles P. Frisbie, in Ladies' Home Journal.



CHAPTER VIII -- CONTINUED. 'To find Miss Patten, of course,' "On, goodness! I wish we could!" giggled Mrs. Minny.

"What?" cried Oliver. "It's her turn, Mr. Oliver. She has run away.

"Not with you? You are not alone?" "Why, of course. Who was there" I think it is mean of you to look cross, when I came to keep your name out of my troubles, because the doctor wrote it would ruin all your political prospects. You helped me once, and I am coming back to a man I-I hate-yes, I do-and am afraid of, so no one will say a word about you." She looked at him with triumphant virtue so satisfied and sweet he hung his head, the words of reproach dying on his lips. "Well, there's the baby and nurse

girl," he said, hopefully.
"Why, no," she laughed. "Didn't I tell you? Aunt Hannah stole the baby, She ran away herself this time. Oh. do hire one of those cunning cabs, and we'll go for a drive, and I'll tell you all about it."

"The hansoms would be too cold, Mrs. Minny. We will take this carriage,' he said, calling one; and she, very well pleased, got in with the dog while he deposited her luggage on the front seat. 'You see." she said, leaning back on the cushioned seat as the carriage left

the noisy stone pavement and talking was possible. "Aunt Hannah got it her head that I did not love Francois - the baby - enough. He really did seem to fuss the moment I took him; and Aunt Hannah knows so many rules for bringing up children that I was nowhere with my own child. Old maids do, you know. Then he got to look more like Hen-M. de Restaud every day; and that was a trial. Aunt Hannah said he was just fretty, but I thought him de Restaudy. I suppose I am awfully wicked, but I was ad Aunt Hannal vanted him. there was-" Mrs. Minny hesitated and looked away; a faint blush colored her round cheek-"a red-headed young man who took me riding-horseback riding. I am sure there is no harm in A homely young man," she added, seeing the shadow on Oliver's face, "not nice at all; but one must have some friends. And then one morning when she was making the bed Aunt Hannah found your letter under the pillow-your first one, not the ugly one telling me it was my duty to come back to my husband. Funny business letters those, not like you or that lovely ride we had. I was desperate at having to come back; so maybe I was mean to Aunt Hannah. One day she and the baby and its clothes disap-



'I THINK HE IS REALLY GETTING FOND OF YOU," SHE SAID, TENDERLY.

peared, and she left a note telling me that I was not to search for her, for she was going to put Frankie-that's what she calls him-in safe keeping." "I am sure there was no harm in that letter," he said, stifily.

"Oh, she wouldn't read it; I couldn't get her to; and, just to tease because she said my behavior was scandalous, I kissed the letter and hid it away."

"Well, this is a nice affair," said Oliver, smiling a little because Mrs. Minny was so gayly happy. "I don't see what ew are going to do. I thought your sunt would be with you, so I hurried on to prevent your coming. It would not be safe. Your-Mr. de Restaud has grown worse-I think is losing his mind. I came to send you to France, to the old general, where probably Niss Patten has gone. Now ou are alene. De Restaud has a spy following me, I am sure; he had in Denver, and-" Oliver could not say

his worst suspicions. "It will be brought out in the court. this nice Ittle ride and everything." chirped Mrs. Minny, "like the chops and tomato sauce in Dickens, and everybodywill think me dreadful." "You are very thoughtless," he said,

"Now, please don't be cross," her me," she sighed; "you even went to pretty mouth quivered and her eyes another hotel. Oh, I know! I looked "Now, please don't be cross," her diled, "just as we were having such a lor you in the register." lovely time. I can't help being jolly because Idon't have to go back to him. You know I thought how sorry you'd tell them how mean they were." Mrs. came back. be when | died of a broken heart and | Minny said, wearlly. "And you don't

in my coffin. The Troublesome little lady would be troublesome no more, but still and quiet as you'd like her to be, and old and sorrowful, for one day because you had driven me back for I would not have come but for you. The thought that your kindness to me would injure your good name made me miserable. Dr. John wrote how your political prospects' would be ruined-

thing. "Minny, say no more," cried Oliver, his voice trembling, "my dear little girl. It breaks my heart. Dr. John was cruel to write such nonsense; he was too eager to serve me. I don't want office; and I would face the slander of the world to spare you a moment's pain." She trembled so at his words he

political prospects is right, is it not?-

and you couldn't be governor or any-

stopped in the midst of a sentence, reproaching himself for his lack of self ontrol. They were silent a few moments; then she said, with her old "Now we've made up-haven't we?

and you are just as nice as you were

that night, so please may my dog run

a little on the snow?" "Of course," he said, and set free the small animal, who darted after oirds, go away from here to-day. Another barking joyously. Among the discomforts of having an erratic mistress were long confinement in cold dark cars and surreptitious journeyings under shawls and in baskets; so in these latter days of sudden journeys and imprisonment Skye had grown to prize his hours of freedom. Perhaps in his heart, though, he willingly endured nights in the baggage-car for the joy of being rid of that red-faced, blackeyed something who slept so much and happy bark or jump. How many times on account of that red-faced thing who cried had his darling's aunt

whom he must never waken with a seented him out of doors with a broom, saying: "Seat, you dog! there, you've waked the baby again." Now his dear mistress was like her old self, and he, Skye, though he never would tell, had seen Miss Hannah and that baby slinking away from the house in Maine like criminals, and he had never noticed

fear they might return. "I am very hungry," said Mrs. Minny as the carriage turned back to the city, "and, as my dog is hungry too, it would be a good idea for you to take us to a private room in some restaurant, where we can feed Skye on the carpet when the waiter is out."

their departure by one small bark, for

There was nothing to do. of course, but to accede to this demand; the very fact that she was hungry appealed to Ohver's generous heart. He thought, however, as they went up the stairs to a cozy private supper room, this would sound unpleasantly to a jury. He could even fancy the attorney for the prosecution's question: "Did you, Mr. Oliver, think this proceeding a proper one? Does society consider it discreet for an unmarried man to take a young married lady to such a place in the absence of her husband?" etc. Still, Mrs. Minny enjoyed everything so much. Oliver forgot his fears, and was merry

enough in his way. The dog, gorged with food, showed off his most amusing tricks, which Mrs. Minny admitted he never would do before when strangers were present. "I think he is really getting fond of

you," she said, tenderly. Oliver, aware of the silliness of it, but pleased at that trustful glance, said he honed so.

lie left Mrs. Minny at a hotel, registering her name and ordering a good | Minny, picking viciously at one of her room for her, then with almost a sense of relief walked to another hotel, a floor: "from Henri's descriptions his long distance away. He hoped the spy might be following; once or twice he looked behind, but there seemed no one. At his hotel a telegram awaited him. It was from a clerk in his office: "Dr. Achorn telegraphed from Pueblo to you

n Denver, 'Henri de Restaud died this morning at the insane asylum. Funeral in Denver.
I telegraphed him you were in Chicago." A second telegram way brought Oli-

ver just as he was going to bed; it was from Dr. John: "Tell Mrs de Restaud. They need not come n-too late for funeral. Was unconscious. left no message. Glad you are with them. "JOHN ACHORN."

Death had released the suit for divorce; it would never be brought, and the vengeance of a crazed brain was over. With a quick beat of his heart Oliver realized Mrs. Minny was free at last; perhaps she could learn to care for him some day-with a swift repulsion as he thought of the dead far across the plains. Yet for once death had been kind to the living, and who was there to mourn Henri de Restaud? His mother died in his boyhood, his father drove him from France, his wife hated and feared him, his child would never see his face, and his servants were only kept by lavish payments. So men may make a mockery of living. a shame of days, may be blots on this fair earth, useless in a useful world. may cause but pain and sadness, and go into eternity more friendless, more wretched in their self-inflicted degradation, than the onteast dog slinking through the alleys of a city.

CHAPTER IX. Mrs. Minny was oddly pale and quiet when Oliver met her in the hotel parlor. She looked as if she had not slept: and his heart throbbed at the pain he had caused her. Of course she had worried about her strange position and the trouble in Denver on account of it. He could tell her at least the fear of the divorce was over. Death had settled the case. Yet it was hard to tell her of that death. He hesitated, and talked of the weather.

"It is always horrid in Chicago," she said, mournfully. "I shall hate this hotel, too; they would not let me have Skye in my room; they put him in some cellar, and he was not like himself when I took him for a little walk before you came."

Oliver had a bunch of roses he had bought for her on his way, but it seemed even heartless to offer them to such an afflicted being. However, he sat down beside her on the sofa and laid the flowers on her lap.

"Thank you," she said, mournfully, 'I don't think I ought to wear them The chambermaid asked me if I was a skirt-dancer." The gloom settled on Oliver now.

"She was impudent," he said, cross ly. "You see how impossible it is for a young lady to go to hotels alone." 'Well, you didn't offer to come with

"You were down in the office?" "I had to go down for my dog and to

his meanness and you'd come to see me know what an awful great ghostly room they gave me, full of closets and wardrobes and places for people to hide. I burned the gas all night and I had dreadful dreams." She bowed of my old life with him would take all her head over the flowers and sighed the youngness out of me. Perhaps again. "Roses make me think of

your conscience would hurt you a little | funerals; do they you?" "I am sorry I troubled you with

them," Oliver said, stiffly. "Now you are cross, and you've got that little wrinkle on your forehead." She looked at him thoughtfully. When you are smiling I think you are the kindest friend in the world. I guess I am cross myself. Do you know, dreamed Henri came into that room last night. The bathroom had a little window looking Into the room, and I dreamed he looked through this at me and made dreadful faces. He used to frighten me that way once"-she blushed and hung her head then, and was silent a moment-"when we were first married, you know. He'd wake me up by staring at me-testing the power of the eye, he called it. I was afraid, anyway, because my mother had just died, and I had never seen a dead person before. I can see her yet in her coffln, so dreadfully waxen and strange. Henri swore once over the Bible that if he died first he would come back and haunt me. After that dream I couldn't sleep, but lay shivering with fear until daylight. I must night in that room would frighten me to death." She trembled so at the thought, Oli-

ver felt his task doubly difficult.

"Don't you think," he asked, gently, that those fears are very childish?" "Of course," she said, briefly, "I know I am not sensible; you, Aunt Hannah and Dr. John call me frivolous; yet I have tried to do right. I came here on my way to save your good name, and I get scolded. I tried to go home once, the time I was so sick; and even Aunt Hannah said 1 was brave then. When my



SHE LOOKED AT HIM WICKEDLY. horse ran away in Maine I held on, and that red-headed young man said I was game."

She looked at him wickedly out of the corner of her eye. A little smile curved her pretty mouth as she saw the wrinkle on his forehead.

"I wish that you could be serious for a little while," Oliver muttered. "I want to talk to you about something that concerns your future-something that has happened." Oliver hesitated now; how could he

tell her? She listened with her eyes on the carpet, a doleful expression on her face. He went off on a new tack. In an easy conversational tone he asked: "Would you not like to live in France?" "No," she said, promptly; "I should

hate it.' Why?" "Because-because," answered Mrs. relations must be horrid. Then he or they think America queer and no nice; everything is France. I should be mad a hundred times a day. The English up in the park used to say 'This blarsted country, you know,' un-til I felt like saying: 'Why don't yor go back to England and stay there? To the De Restauds I should be the un pleasant foreigner our poor son mar ried; in my own country I am myself. an American. I think it is very mean of you to talk about my going te France; and if that is the serious thing you needn't talk any more. If you are

out and take my dog for a walk." How sweet she was in her willful ness! Oliver forgot his errand, looking at the lovely childish face with its pouting mouth and rebellious eyes. "I think you are cruel to my poor rose," he said, softly.

going to be horrid I think I shall ge

"You are cruel to me." "Minny," he drew nearer and took ir his firm warm clasp her little hand, "I must tell you something-something that will shock and grieve you. Try and be brave."

"Not the little baby?" she cried, pit eously. "He is not dead?" "No. no; but some one is dead-one that you feared, almost hated, and now

must forgive and try to think kindly of-the mar waose name you bear-" She gave a frightened cry and hid her face against his sleeve. He could feel her tremble and quiver, but she made no sound. What must be do? Would she faint? How did women act, anyway? He put his arm around the

cowering figure and tried to look into

her face. She was ghastly pale, in her eyes a curious frightened look. "My dream, Mr. Oliver!" she cried "Oh, he will keep his shuddering. word; he will haunt me always. shall go mad from fear. Last night that was him. He looked just as he used to when he woke me up making faces. I am all alone. What shall I do? Oh, if Aunt Hannah were only here! I could creep up to her in the night. She is so brave; she said she wouldn't be

afraid of him, living or dead." "Minny, you are talking foolishly," said Oliver, sternly. "No dead person comes back. I am ashamed of you. And to be so silly, so heartless, when that poor soul is lying dead!"

"You don't know anything about the dead; no one does," she gasped. "My grandfather was drowned at sea, and that night he came and knocked at grandmother's door-his old knockthree times. Even Aunt Hannah says that story's true. I can't be sorry truly, I can't, I was afraid all the time; and he was so dreadful. I gave him all mamma's money, and he took her jewels, everything of value. I am not a hypocrite, Mr. Oliver; I can't maid

up sorrow just to please you."
"I don't want you to," he whispered, close to her ear. They were alone in a corner of the big room, and no one could see. "I spoke hastily because I hated to think of that dream and how you would make yourself believe he

(TO DE CONVENUED.)

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Baking Powder

SPORTS AND PLEASURES.

At the suggestion of the king of the Belgians Ostende will have a yachting week next June, to which foreign bonts are invited.

THE Girton team of Cambridge played a match of hockey with Alexander college, the woman's college of Dublin university, and the game was a draw.

Buenos Ayres will soon witness the completion of the largest opera house in the world. It will seat five thousand persons, and the stage will hold eight hundred people. J. E. ANDREWS, of Washington coun-

ty, Minn., has beaten the record as a skate jumper. His last jump, made at Stillwater, covered eighteen feet. Five hundred persons witnessed the jump. At Krakow recently a theatrical

an effort in this country. WAS GOULD INSANE?

Financial Worry and Physical Exertion Not the Greatest Destroyer of Human Life.

For Humanity's Sake, After Thirty-six Years of Nerve-Creeping Slavery, He Tells How He Was

Caldwell, N. J., March 19, 1895,-(Special.) Since one of our prominent citizens suffered so terribly from tobacco tremens, has made known his frightful experience in behalf of

Since one of our prominent citizens suffered so terribly from tobacco tremens, has made known his frightful experience in behalf of humanity, the ladies here are making tobacco-using husbands' lives miserable with their entreaties to at once quit tobacco. The written statement of S. J. Gould is attracting wide-spread attention. When interviewed to-night he said: "I commenced using tobacco at thirteen; I am now fortynine; so, for thirty-six years I chewed, smoked, snuffed and rubbed snuff. In the morning I chewed before I put my pants on, and for a long time I used two ounces of chewing and eight ounces of smoking a day. Sometimes I had a chew in both cheeks and a pipe in my mouth at once. Ten years ago I quit drinking whisky. I tried to stop tobacco time and again, but could not. My nerves craved nicotine and I fed them, till my skin turned a tobacco-brown, cold, stickly perspiration oozed from my skin, and trickled down my back at the least exertion or excitement. My nerve vigor and my life was being slowly sapped. I made up my mind that I had to quit tobacco or die. On October I I stopped, and for three days I suffered the tortures of the damned. On the third day I got so bad that my partner accused me of being drunk. I said, No, I have quit tobacco.' For God'ssake, man, he said, offering me his tobacco box, 'take a chew; you will go wild,' and I was wild. Tobacco was forced into me and I was taken home dazed. I saw double and my memory was beyond control, but I still knew how to chew and smoke, which I did all day until towards night, when my system got tobacco-soaked again. The next morning I looked and felt as though I had been through a long spell of sickness. I gave up in despair, as I thought that I could not cure myself. Now, for suffering humanity, I'll tell what saved my life. Providence evidently answered my good wife's prayers and brought to her attention in our paper an article which read: 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away?

"What a sermon and warning in those words! Just what I was doi

faith I spit out my tobacco cud, and put into my mouth a little tablet upon which was stamped No-To-Bac. I know it sounds like a lie when I tell you that I took eight like a lie when I tell you that I took eight tablets the first day, seven the next, five the third day, and all the nerve-creeping feeling, restlessness and mental depression was gone. It washes good to be true. It seemed like a dream. That was a month ago. I used one box. It cost me \$1, and it is worth a thousand. I gained ten pounds in weight and lost all desire for tobacco from the first day. I sleep and eat well and I have been benefited in more ways than I can tell. No, the cure was no exception in my case. I day. I sleep and eat well and I have been benefited in more ways than I can tell. No, the cure was no exception in my case. I know of ten people right here in Caldwell was have bought No-To-Bac from Hasler, and they have been cured. Now that I realize what No-To-Bac has done for me and others, I know why it is that the makers of this wonderful remedy, the Sterling Remedy Company, of New York and Chleago, say: "We don't claim to cure every case. That's Fraud's talk, a lie; but we do guarantee three boxes to cure the to-bacco habit, and in case of failure we are perfectly willing to refund money.' I would not give a public indorsement if I were not certain of its reliability. I know it is backed by men worth a million. No-To-Bac has been a God-send to me, and I firmly believe it will cure any case of to-bacco-using if faithfully tried, and there are thousands of to-bacco slaves who ought to know how easy it is to get free. There's happiness in No-To-Bac for the prematurely old men, who think as I did that they are old and worn out, when to-bacco is the thing that destroys their vitality and manhood."

The public should be warned, however, against the purchase of any of the many imitations on the market, as the success of No-To-Bac has brought forth a host of sounterfeiters and imitators. The genuine No-To-Bac has brought forth a host of sounterfeiters and imitators. The genuine No-To-Bac is sold under a guarantee to cure, by all druggists, and every tablet has the word No-To-Bac plainly stamped thereon, and you run no physical or financial risk in purchasing the genuine article.

"So you won her hand?" "I don't know.

"So you won her hand!" "I don't kno 'm under ber thumb, in any event." roit Tribune.

ABSOLUTELY PURE "Let me see," said Bobbs to Dobbs, "isn't this Dobbs that we were just talking about a relative of yours?" "A distant relative," said Dobbs. "Very distant!" "I should think so. He's the oldest of twelve children in our family, and I'm the youngest."—Tit-Bits.

MAUD-"That Swattles girl is wildly in-fatuated with her new chum, that Melly Jamesby. What does it mean, I wonder!" Madge—"It means that Melly has a broth-er."—Chicago Record.



—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose the bloom of the rose is only known to the health y woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often

AT Krakow recently a theatrical manager obtained permission to perform "Julius Cœsar," provided the "solders were not dressed in the uniform of the imperial and royal Austrian army."

HENRY IRVING has been lecturing at the Royal institute, London, with the avowed purpose of begetting a warmer interest in the drama in England. He is not obliged to waste his time in such an effort in this country.

"and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system, It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders

arising from derangement of the female organs and functions. Mrs. JENNIE WILLIAMS, of Moharek, Lane Co.,

Mrs. Jannia Wittila
Oregon, writes: "I
was sick for over three
years with blind dizzy
spells, palpitation of
the heart, pain in the
back and head, and
at times would have
such a weak tired feeling when I first got
up in the morning,
and at times nervous
chills.

chills.
The physicians dif-fered as to what my

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